

EXHIBIT

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INTIMATE FACTS NEVER BEFORE REVEALED
FABULOUS PHOTOS NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED

TOLD BY MARILYN'S COMPANION AND CONFIDANTE
UNIQUE MURRAY WITH ROSE SHAW



MARILYN:

The Last Months

Eunice Murray with Rose Shadé

PYRAMID BOOKS



NEW YORK

MARILYN: THE LAST MONTHS

A PYRAMID BOOK

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of her personal life—someone completely trustworthy and devoted to her interests. Marilyn did not trust people easily, and for very good reasons.

Eunice had worked with other psychiatrists before, but knew Dr. Greenson only through his purchase of the home she and her husband had built in Santa Monica in 1946. The Greensons, knowing how much the magnificent two-story Spanish home had meant to Eunice, invited her back occasionally, especially after she was alone.

Then in November 1961, Dr. Greenson had telephoned to ask if Eunice was available for a special assignment with one of his patients.

At that time, Eunice had begun taking care of her young grandchildren, whose mother had recently gone to work. But she told the doctor she could spare three days a week between eleven and two. To her surprise, he said, "That's great."

The following week he gave her an address on Doheny Drive. There she was to find Marilyn Monroe and drive her to his home in Santa Monica. Chauffeur, companion, housekeeper, friend—whatever Marilyn might need—Eunice was to be.

Finally Marilyn was ready and invited Eunice into the living room of her apartment. The room had the impersonal look of a luxurious hotel suite. A queen-size bed, freshly slept in, dominated the room, making sleep seem the all-important function there.

Heavy blue draperies with triple lining were drawn back now, letting light stream in from the wide-windowed wall across the back of the room. Beyond the glass was a narrow garden with vines and potted plants and a fountain.

Eunice saw dining room furniture near the kitchen and near the fireplace a silky green velvet settee and matching chair. On a table were hypodermic needles, reminders of the recent drug withdrawal.

It was a most unattractive room—overdone in decoration, yet unfinished. Massive carving covered cabinet doors on either side of the fireplace. The

bedspread was a dull blue with funeral tassels at each corner and so heavy that Eunice could barely lift it when she later made the bed. It was a depressing room and anything but feminine.

Marilyn caught her glance. "I made the decorator stop when I saw what he was doing," she confided, inviting Eunice to sit at the dining table with her. Marilyn gestured at the room. "This isn't what I expected at all. Then I got sick and the work couldn't go on. Now he's suing me for thousands of dollars he says I owe him."

It was significant that Marilyn's first conversation with Eunice concerned mistreatment by someone who took advantage of her. It was to be a familiar pattern. The trusting waif taken by a greedy world. Marilyn, so involved with the ideals of social justice, so ready to spring to the defense of friends, seemed pathetically helpless in protecting her own financial interests.

"I wanted something simple and colorful," she said, glancing around the room. "But what can I do? I guess I'll have to pay him for the whole job."

There seemed no bitterness in her at that time, but instead a need for sympathy that Eunice sensed could cause her to embellish the crises of her life as an actress enlarges her gestures when playing to the galleries. Marilyn showed Eunice the rest of the apartment—a compact but adequate kitchen on the left, and off the front entrance hall, another bedroom with huge floor-to-ceiling mirrors. This was the room indispensable to her trade, the dressing room where she groomed herself for special appearances.

Eunice soaked up the atmosphere and aura of Marilyn's apartment, feeling for ways she might fit in and be useful. She found some dishes to wash while Marilyn dressed, then asked her what she ate for breakfast.

"Egg whites poached in safflower oil. I know it sounds terrible, but it's pretty good." Getting out a pan, she showed Eunice how she prepared them, explaining the special diet she must follow

now that her gall bladder was gone. Eunice found her to be very capable in the kitchen.

While Marilyn breakfasted, Eunice busied herself around the place, tidying up, watering plants, throwing out wilted flowers, and making the bed with its heavy spread—tasks one might do while visiting a friend who had been sick, that after many years of domestic life seemed second nature.

Dr. Greenson had told her only, "Marilyn needs someone entirely devoted to her interests." How does one title such a role?

Soon she would find what her real work was to be.

III

I don't look at myself as a commodity, but I'm
sure a lot of people have.

—Marilyn Monroe,
quoted in *Life Magazine*
August 3, 1962



When they met that November day in 1961, Marilyn seemed on the road to a new life style with fresh goals and plans. And Eunice, although she did not know it then, had been in training for years for the precise help that would be needed.

During the first weeks, however, the most important task was getting to know Marilyn and the details of her everyday life. There were no instructions from Dr. Greenson. And, especially at first, there were very few instructions from Marilyn herself.

Eunice became involved as best she could in the apartment on Doheny, carrying out such tasks as answering the door or phone, cleaning and dusting, and driving Marilyn to her psychiatric appointments. Eunice rarely knew what was going to happen next.

A man would suddenly appear at the door to pick up cleaning. Nothing was ever ready for him, but he was used to that.

III

Fame to me certainly is only a temporary and a partial happiness—even for a waif and I was brought up a waif. But fame is not really for a daily diet, that's not what fulfills you. It warms you a bit but the warming is temporary.

—Marilyn Monroe
quoted in
Life Magazine
August 3, 1962.



For Marilyn, Christmas was a difficult time. Memories of years past seemed to rise like hobgoblins to remind her of the unloved seasons. She had told and retold her childhood stories so many times, Eunice sensed, that by now she no longer bothered with details.

"That was the Christmas all the kids in the house got presents but me," she might say. Then pausing for the poignant effect: "One of the other kids gave me an orange."

The lack of family had brought many deprivations. "I wanted the pretty white shoes, but the social worker said they cost too much. She bought me black ones that I hated."

Now family ties at Christmas seemed especially important, when everyone she knew was gathering in the warmth of homes with their own close kin. Christmas 1961 was for Marilyn the loneliest one of all. In spite of her success, she had only the grotesque unfinished apartment for home. And no family. But her slugger had come through once more, arriving during the holidays to help make believe she still had someone close.

Joe would usually come through when she was scraping bottom, just as he would be on hand after her death to handle the funeral arrangements.

Some have suggested that DiMaggio failed her, that weekly red roses would have been better when she was still alive. Where was he then when he was really needed?

The answer is that Joe did come through more often than most people knew. He was there that Christmas. The morning that Eunice met him at Marilyn's apartment, she found him very friendly, very nice, but far from verbose. The conversation lagged unless Marilyn picked it up.

The two still seemed to be the best of friends. They visited Olvera Street together, the little block of Mexican shops in downtown Los Angeles. There they bought Christmas tree ornaments from south of the border and decorated a small green tree in Marilyn's apartment. They did some quick gift shopping, visited friends together on Christmas Day, and on New Year's Eve drank champagne and roasted chestnuts in front of Marilyn's fire.

Joe was a handsome man, powerfully built, who could come crashing through with the grand gesture, the

heroic deed. Or, as one of Marilyn's friends observed, you could give him a cup of tea and turn on the TV set and he'd be happy. It seemed obvious to Marilyn's friend why the relationship did not work full time.

Marilyn, despite her lack of education, was an extremely bright girl with an intuitive intelligence that was most unusual. She had a real feeling for people and what was going on. Joe was just not interested in those things. He enjoyed sports. And that just wasn't Marilyn at all. On Christmas Day, she and Joe were invited to the Greenson home in Santa Monica along with other friends of the doctor and his family.

All afternoon the men clustered around Joe, asking questions about past glories:

"Do you remember in nineteen-such-and-such when you were playing Cincinnati and it was a three-and-two count and they threw a ball to you?"

And Joe would always come through with the minutiae of baseball lore.
"Yes, I remember. That was a high inside fast ball and . . ."

And so it went all afternoon, the men avid for Joe's stories, ignoring Marilyn sitting beside him on the couch. Finally, bored by the pitch-by-pitch, score-by-score accounts, the women, including Marilyn, got up and gathered in the kitchen to chat. Joanie Greenson, the doctor's young daughter, remarked incredulously, "Who would believe that here were four or five men sitting next to Marilyn Monroe, and they didn't give a darn." Marilyn laughed along with the rest, but it was not her favorite kind of day.

Marilyn had grown increasingly close to the Greenson family that fall. After her psychiatric sessions with the doctor, she was often invited to stay for dinner at the two-story Monterey home in Santa Monica. Later one of the family would drive her back to the apartment. Eunice heard a lot about those evenings.

Marilyn said she felt at ease there, at home. She could dress casually and be completely herself, laughing, talk-

ing, listening to music intensely, and debating religion fiercely across the kitchen table. At that time she was telling everyone she was "an atheist Jew."

Protectively, she took Joanie Greenson, a twenty-year-old art student, under her wing like a younger sister, becoming involved in her art school gossip, feuds and friendships. She taught Joanie how to dance the twist a la Monroe, how to walk like a sensuous cat to the striptease record from *Pal Joey*, and how to apply makeup so artfully it looked like no makeup at all. She even tried to get Marlon Brando as an escort for Joanie at a local party. When that fell through, Marilyn arrived at the party herself with chauffeur and her best Hollywood manner to mince and coo and stun the local gentry before driving Joanie home.

With the Greenson son, Dan, Marilyn liked to discuss politics and social issues, for he shared her liberal views. Once he helped her write political questions to ask Bobby Kennedy at a dinner party at the Lawfords. Marilyn carried them in her handbag, opening it each time she asked a question, until Kennedy caught on, and said he would send Dan the answers.

Eunice could easily envision the setting for Marilyn's evenings at the Greenson's, for she knew every tile and shelf and stair of the house that she had helped build with her husband John in 1946. The warm, inviting atmosphere of the Greenson family dinners was also familiar to Eunice from her own visits there.

There was an all-white formal dining room with glass walls seaward, showing a blue fringe of ocean in the distance, but dining seemed more casual and cozy in the gaily decorated Mexican Kitchen. It was a large room that served as a family room as well, where serving was easy and informal.

Curiously, Marilyn had not discussed the house with Eunice, had not mentioned that she found it attractive. Eunice had no idea she was developing a preference for Mexican architecture.

Whether or not Marilyn had told anyone about her growing admiration for the Greenson house, it must have seemed to her a warmer home than any she had known. The dwellings of her life had not been beautiful for the most part. Too often they had been meager or impersonal, unfinished or inartistic—unfortunate in some way. A real home had been one of the great un-filled needs of her life.

The Greenson home and the warmth of family members there must surely have helped make Christmas easier for her in 1961.

During the holidays, Eunice filled in for family as well, going Christmas shopping with Marilyn in Beverly Hills. They made several trips down Doheny to the crowded streets around Wilshire Boulevard, with Eunice always doing the driving.

In New York, Marilyn had driven a Thunderbird, but had to give it up, she said. People were always running into her. Deliberately, she said. Just to meet her. When she moved to California in the last year of her life, she did not own a car. She talked sometimes to Eunice of buying a white Jaguar, but never did.

Before Eunice entered her life to drive her to appointments in a modest green Dodge, Marilyn frequently rented a \$75-a-day limousine and chauffeur. The long black hearse-like vehicle, parked in front of some friend's home, could draw more than a little attention from the neighborhood. Soon half the people on the block might be out taking constitutionals, wondering who sat behind the cardboard-covered rear windows.

"The studio does that only for Tony Curtis and myself," Marilyn told a friend about the windows, as if unconscious of the fact such secrecy could only make people more curious.

The urge for privacy seemed to battle with the desire to be noticed. If one really wanted to go incognito, would one drive an attention-getting Thunderbird, white Jaguar, or limousine with blocked-out windows? Would one sometimes alight from the limousine to walk up and

so inspiration for color and beauty in your garden, to discover, to enjoy and to grow with

Love,

Eunice Murray

In Mexico, the people adored "Maraleen" as they called her, and she returned their affection with her overwhelming fondness for the beauty of their native art.

From the first press conference in the Grand Ballroom of the Hilton in Mexico City to the last burst of mariachi music, Marilyn moved in a climate of constant adulation, basking in the warmth of Latin geniality. The primary purpose of her trip, however, was not public attention, Marilyn insisted, but the pleasure of shopping for authentic furniture and tiles in the atmosphere of Mexico itself. She was single-minded about this. She knew from her many visits to Dr. Greenson's home that most of his furnishings had come from Mexico. One must go to the source.

She was also able to absorb the details of Mexican architecture with her usual intensity, visiting grand Mexican homes, such as Merle Oberon's in Cuernavaca and seeing the way they were built and furnished. In the congenial atmosphere, she was able to absorb almost effortlessly the artwork, tiles, hanging pottery, and native flowers and vines of Mexico.

Eunice, arriving in Mexico a week before Marilyn to scout around for places to shop, checked in at the Hotel Montejo that she remembered from her first trip to Mexico in the early forties. It was a small hotel on the Paseo de la Reforma, only three stories tall, but picturesque and comfortable, and far more inviting to her than the new multi-story Hilton where Marilyn was to stay.

Eunice's brother-in-law Churchill Murray, who lived in Mexico City at the time, was ready to act as guide. Like most men he looked forward to meeting Marilyn,

VII

... Here we found . . . beautiful things for your home . . . and also inspiration for color and beauty in your garden . . .

— Eunice Murray, book inscription
Mexico City
February 1962



No sooner did Marilyn decide to buy the house on Fifth Helena than she told Eunice, "Now we'll go to Mexico. There are so many things to buy." It seemed an excellent idea to Eunice. She still has in her possession a book she bought Marilyn in Mexico City. On the flyleaf of Helen O'Gorman's *Mexican Flowering Trees and Plants*, the inscription reads:

To Marilyn, Mexico City, February 1962

"Maraleen" —

Here we found tiles and tin, wood and leather, textiles and glass, beautiful things for your home, and al-

VIII

... where I can feel safe from the world.

—Marilyn Monroe
Hollywood, California
March 1962



Upon her return from Mexico, Marilyn viewed the Brentwood house as more than a delightful prospect for the future. Abruptly it became a desperate necessity. Marilyn must move immediately into the privacy of her new-found refuge.

There was no time to let the languorous Latin rhythms linger on. Instant action, American style, was called for

from the moment Eunice stepped into the Doheny Drive apartment.

"I've got to move right away," Marilyn told her. "They've printed this address in a national magazine. People will be climbing over the back walls soon." Marilyn was not taking it calmly. She loved the people, felt that they and not the studio had made her a star. But the "public" terrified her. The "public" seemed some irresponsible force that would hunt her down, devour her, if given the chance. The gentle Latins to the south had not appeared nearly as menacing as American fans.

"But the house," Eunice said, stunned. "It's not ready. There's still the carpeting to go in—and the kitchen's all torn up—"

It seemed impossible to move right away.

Marilyn was in the mirrored dressing room getting ready to go out with Pat Newcomb.

"I'll walk on bare floors. I'll eat out. But I want to sleep in my house. I'll feel so much safer there."

Three images of Marilyn eyed her from the floor to ceiling mirrors.

"How soon?" Eunice asked, wondering where she'd put the sample of carpeting from Sloane's that Marilyn had approved. It must still be somewhere in her luggage. "Today. Tomorrow. As soon as possible. I could be there while the work's being done." Three Marilyns smiled at her wanly as they tied three pale chiffon scarves over their blonde hair. Eunice had come through so often before.

"I know it's asking an awful lot." Marilyn's voice turned hesitant and whispery.

Eunice wondered if Marilyn would be able to live in a house as torn apart as hers was at the moment. Eunice's son-in-law Norman Jeffries, Jr., and his brother Keith had been working on the Brentwood house during their trip to Mexico, cleaning and waxing the woodwork and washing walls, but also completely tearing out kitchen cabinets to make way for the new Mexican style.